

## Colors of Florida

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## Colors of Florida

by [ndestroya](#)

### Summary

George and Sap finally visit Dream, George does one sided gay panic. Will prolly be angsty. Sapnap is a good friend.

### Notes

Ofc, don't shove ships down their throats, be respectful of the fact they are REAL PEOPLE.

This may or may not be just a hodgepodge of my fav dnf tropes.

Will it make sense? Hopefully eventually. This really was started as a self indulgent piece, the beginning'll seemed rushed/a mess bc it is. Wasn't gonna post but decided I'd feed y'all.

Cred where it's due, this is heavily inspired by Colorful by BuryAnAussie on wattpad and My Bee Stings by kumibladder on ao3. Maybe others but again, tired rn.

Sorry if formatting is weird, idk how ao3 works.

## Game Start

George's fingers tapped against his mouse after he ended the TeamSpeak call. Dream, the crazy man he was, finally did it. He was flying George out to Florida for a month. Of course, this decision was made without George's knowledge, and the flight was scheduled in a couple of days. The tapping sped up until he opted to stand and pace around his room. It's not that George was *worried* Dream would elicit the reaction found in colorblind people who make physical contact with someone they might love. No, he wasn't worried at all. But it still stood that there was a chance he would begin to see colors after meeting Dream, though, and George didn't know if he'd be able to handle that if it occurred. George chewed at the skin around his nails, wincing slightly as he bit into a recently peeled finger.

*There's no way that'll happen*, George thought. *No way it could*. He wasn't gay, he's never liked a guy before. He's never really had a crush on a girl, either, but that was besides the point. There was no way he liked his best friend, and *definitely* no way Dream would like him back. Despite the aggressive flirting during videos, Dream had made it painfully clear that it was all no more than a joke. That didn't stop George's heart from skipping a beat when Dream said he loved him, didn't stop the heat rising to his cheeks when asked to say it back. It was stupid, just so stupid. He was supposed to be excited for this trip, not dreading it.

George's phone dinged and lit up with a text from Dream.

*See you soon, GeorgiePoo ;).*

It was all a joke to him, a stupid joke, but George's stomach still did flips.

*Shut up. I'm going to sleep.*

He hit send and collapsed on his bed. It was late, but George was riddled with too much anxiety to even begin thinking about sleep. He made some coffee to ward off drowsiness, and got to packing his bags.

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Two days later, George was getting off a plane in Florida. Dream was supposed to pick him up, so he scanned the crowd for a tall person that matched the small details George knew about Dream's appearance. While waiting, the Floridian heat began to creep up on him. His jacket was already tied at his waist, but he now pushed his sleeves up. The weather was so different from the overcast days in England. He picked at his phone case, waiting for any word from Dream, when two large hands enveloped his eyes.

"Guess who?" A voice whispered in his ear. George jumped before struggling out of the grip.

"Dream!" George was too busy settling down to remember to even look up. "You scared the *shit* out of me, what the-" His voice died in his throat as he finally got a glimpse of Dream's face. Or rather, a glimpse of the paper plate with a smiley face that was tied *around* Dream's face. His hood was up, and puffs of brown hair stood out from beneath it.

George sighed and lightly pushed Dream again. "You're such a dumbass. I should have expected this." He gave Dream a good look up and down, something was off. "You're shorter than I thought you'd be..."

A chuckle came from behind the mask, one that was now so obviously not Dream's.

“You should have seen your face, priceless!” Hands went up to the mask to reveal Sapnap, who had a huge grin plastered on his face.

“What, Sapnap? What are you doing here?” George readily accepted Sap’s now open arms, pulling him into a hug. When they pulled away, Sap punched George’s arm.

“Guess we know who’s really the shorter one now, huh?”

George wrinkled his nose at the shit-eating grin Sap wore, but couldn’t help a small chuckle.

“Shut up.” He scanned the crowd and frowned. “Wait, so where’s Dream? And why are you here, you’re supposed to be in Texas.” A wave of heat crashed over George again, prompting him to finally notice Sap’s outfit. “How the hell are you wearing a hoodie, what is wrong with you?”

“Woah dude, slow down.” Sap laughed again. “Dream flew me out, too, just got here yesterday. He had to take a piss and I thought it’d be funny to mess with you, Dream concurred. And George, it’s barely 70 degrees, it isn’t that hot.”

George scoffed right as another pair of hands wrapped around his eyes.

“This is just old now, Dream, Sap already beat you to it.” He ducked out of the hold and turned around to be face to face (more like face to chest) with Dream. A very unmasked Dream. George’s breath caught in his throat. Dream’s features were all soft and fit perfectly around his smile. Dusty blonde hair was mussed to and fro. And his eyes... his *eyes*.

“Dream your... what color are your eyes, again?” Dream only laughed and pulled George in for a hug. His brain was running too fast to return the favor. He could see that... color. Didn’t Dream say they were green? It was so beautiful. Dream pushed George back, one hand on his shoulder, the other snapping in front of his face.

“What?”

Sap answered, “You totally just zoned out. Wow, I’m hurt, didn’t react that way to my hug.”

George was still reeling. The hoodie Sap was wearing, the color was just like Dream’s eyes. He was entranced by the hoodie, and missed what Dream said next. “I- what?” was all he responded with. Dream followed George’s gaze and his eyes widened.

“Oh yeah, Sapnap, give me my hoodie back,” Dream said. He reached the hand that wasn’t on George out as Sap shrugged off the hoodie and handed it over. During the transfer, George reached out for the sleeve.

“This is green?” he muttered.

“Ohhh, right,” Dream started, “color blind. Yeah, it’s green, and so are my eyes.”

“It’s such a nice color...”

“Dude, you can’t even tell. Stop acting so gay.” Dream laughed but George felt like he’d been punched in the gut. *He wasn’t gay, they’d send him back.*

“Right, I guess I’m tired...” There was a lull until Sapnap broke the silence.

“You *look* tired. I’m surprised they didn’t make you pay extra for those eye bags.”

George huffed, and Dream made a small joke off Sap’s to poke fun before suggesting they all

head back to his house. George tried to follow Dream and Sapnap's conversation, but between seeing the now quickly fading colors, the fact that it was *Dream* who sparked them, and the minimal amounts of sleep he had the past few nights, it was near impossible. The spot where Dream's hand was on George's shoulder tingled a little, the remnants of his touch present but diminishing. There was so much to see, so many colors he didn't know the name of... no way to ask without tipping off his friends. And with Dream having let go, all the colors were quickly draining, anyway, that vivid green hoodie now no more than a murky yellow.

Habitually, George went back to biting his fingers. He felt anxious and riled up, but also like he could pass out from exhaustion at any second. They made it to Dream's car, and he was left in the backseat, foot racing a mile a minute. It was still light out, and George tried to take in the scenery. Palm trees lined the road, seagulls speckled the air... everything was yellow, blue, or gray. He glanced back to the hoodie in the front seat, trying to will the green to return to it, then realized what had to happen for that occur, and frowned. It wasn't *fair*... Dream would hate him if he knew.

George thought back to a recent stream Dream did. Remembered how his heart stopped when Dream said he was like the secretly gay friend, the way nausea roiled over him as Dream made it a point to clarify there was no way George could be gay. *He was straight... straight yet seeing colors because of his best friend.* The nausea made a return in the car and George settled on closing his eyes and drifting away to the engine's rumble. After the stream, George logged off without saying bye and broke. He felt dizzy and the room looked warbled. *He couldn't be, it wasn't right.* He felt disgusted and had to fight the burn of tears behind his eyes.

He finally drifted off to sleep when the car door opened beneath him. He startled, being held up by the seatbelt, and looked out the door. Dream was there laughing out an apology.

"As cute as you look sleeping, we've arrived. Come on, sleepy head," Dream said. He walked around to the trunk. George got out and followed, embarrassing heat rising in his ears.

They lugged his bags into Dream's flat. It was spacious and not decorated very heavily.

"So," George ventured, "what are sleeping arrangements looking like?"

"You two will have to duke it out, because I only have one guestroom. One of you can take that, the other is sentenced to the blowup mattress in my 'office.'"

George and Sapnap exchanged quick glances before Sap leaned an arm on George's shoulders and wrapped it around to cover his mouth.

"I'll take the guest room!" Sap blurted. "I'm sure Georgie here agrees. Right?" George tried to yank the arm off but to no avail. He settled on licking instead. Sap yelped and jumped back.

"Ew, George, what the hell?"

"Come on, Dream," George started, "that wasn't fair." Dream gave a small laugh.

"Sorry, but Sap got dibs. Better luck next time." Instead of waiting for an answer, Dream shrugged and walked off with George's bags. "Let's go, I'll show you your room. Sap, grab your things, too."

Sapnap picked up his bags from the entry way where he chunked them when he first arrived. With that, Sap and George followed Dream to what would be their lives for the next four weeks.

# Sleep? Don't know her.

## Chapter Summary

Late night encounters.

## Chapter Notes

Y'all I'm so sorry, this chapter has been basically done since I posted the first one, I just never found any motivation to post it. Tysm to everyone who commented/left kudos, my replies might seem dry, but they genuinely mean sm. I'll try to be more regular with posting :).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George got in a good two hours of sleep before his body decided it had had enough. He tossed a bit on the blowup mattress before giving up and heading to Dream's kitchen. A coffee machine had to be in there *somewhere*. He began to hum Light Up Skechers while rummaging through Dream's cabinets when creaking floorboards startled him.

"The hell are you doing up?" Dream yawned, one hand rubbing his eye.

"Geez, don't sneak up on me like that." George gathered himself then shrugged. "It's like, 9 in London right now. Can't sleep." He gestured to the mug he had taken out. "You got some coffee anywhere?"

"Dude, I don't drink coffee. Wouldn't that be the last thing you need right now, anyway?" Dream yawned again.

"I feel like I'm about to fall over, Dream, I need caffeine." He laughed. "Besides, you look like shit, what are you doing up?"

"Heard your small ass scuttling around." Dream began to walk towards George. His pajama shirt was a loose muscle tee that left too much for George's eyes to linger on. As Dream drew nearer, he backed away. Dream softly wheezed. "You act like I'm about to bite you."

George flushed. "Well, I-I can never be too sure with you." In response, Dream sent a sly wink, and George swore the room's temperature jumped tenfold. Dream reached up to one of his cabinets, shirt riding up the slightest bit. George quickly looked to the floor.

"You, you should go back to sleep. Sapnap'll be pissed if we're *both* too exhausted to do anything tomorrow.

"Oh, I'm planning on it." Dream grabbed something off the shelf, then turned to smile at George. "I just know you *won't*, so here." He held out a Hershey's bar to George. "I think I've heard from somewhere that chocolate has caffeine, and I don't really even like chocolate so, here. Might be a bit old, though."

As he went to take the candy bar, George's fingers brushed against Dream's hand. The room exploded into color, the floor tiles revealed to be a soft shade of... *something*, the walls painted a light blue as opposed to the white he thought they were. It was almost too much to take in, mind already muddled from lack of sleep. George didn't notice that he'd completely stilled, hand frozen where it grazed against Dream, chest barely puffing with shallow breaths.

*Everything he's been missing, a whole new world.*

Clearing his throat, Dream brought George back to the present. He looked at Dream, again getting trapped in those *green* eyes. *Green*. He could have stayed looking at them for forever, but the rest of Dream's facial expressions set him off kilter. With tense eyebrows and a smile that lacked any genuine happiness, Dream glanced down quickly before looking back up.

"Dude... you can let go..." He trailed off helplessly, and George was suddenly too aware of the cool hand against his. He yanked his arm away, chocolate bar coming with, and backed up.

"Maybe you're right, I don't need this. I should just try to sleep again." George set the chocolate on the counter, thumb then moving to get nibbled on. He tried to convince himself that the fading colors didn't pain him as much as they did. He'd lived 23 years without them, he should be able to manage. No matter how much he tried to pretend it was okay, though, it physically hurt George to look back at the walls and floor, *at Dream*.

"I suppose I'll head back to bed now, good night, Dream." George didn't lift his head once as he tried to shimmy past Dream to return to the hallway. Too suddenly, he was in contact with Dream again, a hand cupped on his shoulder that turned him slightly. The bleeding colors began to refill and *oh* how George wanted to lean into the touch, to wrap himself around Dream and never let go, ensure the world never went dull again. *But Dream would hate him*. George jumped away from the touch, wide eyes now looking at Dream's -dare he say *hurt?*- face.

"Are you sure you're okay, George?" Dream brought his now abandoned hand towards his chest and began fiddling with it. *Green fades back to yellow*. George closed his eyes and looked away. He couldn't deal with everything filling up with life only fade again and again.

"I told you, I'm just tired. *Good night*." Without waiting for a response, George stalked off to Dream's office and collapsed onto the air mattress. He studied the bumpy texture of the ceiling, willing himself not to think of the hurt look on Dream's face as he left or of how green eyes swirled with confusion until yellow eyes took over and danced with pity.

It wasn't long until the light creeping in from the hall went out. George shifted so he was facing the door and able to peek under it. The floorboards creaked, getting louder as Dream left the kitchen. George thought that'd be the end of it, that he'd stew until dawn and Dream would just go back to sleep, but the creaking stopped right outside his door. Despite the lack of light, George could see faint shadows shifting from behind the door. He was petrified Dream would knock, force him to talk about what was going on, but just as quickly as they arrived, the footsteps were off again. George should be relieved. That's what he wanted, for Dream to let it go. But then, why did it sting so much hearing him leave?

George squeezed his eyes shut, trying to ward off the headache he could feel coming on. It was a futile effort. He pressed his middle finger and thumb to his temples, massaging at the dull thudding, and groaned. *Great*, just what he needed. Another thing added to the pile of reasons why he couldn't sleep. He debated on grabbing some ice, but the thought of another incident with Dream overrode any pain he was feeling.

He crossed an arm over his eyes and wrestled with his sheets until they wound up on the ground. It was going to be a long night.

## Chapter End Notes

Hope y'all liked.

As I said before, comments mean a lot, so if you got smth to say, pspsp don't be shy.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!